

# The Storm After The Calm

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>\*Summary: Frank has left Rachel crying on the jetty and feeling totally lost. Fluff meets comedy in this little number, and I'm not going to tell you anything else because you HAVE to read it, okay?<br>

>Disclaimer: Thanks Hal for letting me borrow the Rats dolls again, I appreciate it soooo much! Rachel doll and Me big-guyess have fun screwing with each other's heads. She just makes Me big-guyess feel like I'm nuts, and I make her mind totally shattered. I hope she doesn't mind. And Frank doll's kinda cross coz I've been screwing with his partner's head heaps lately... sorry Frank, but I'm going to have to do it again! And thanks to The Eurithmics for letting me borrow their latest song which I really like a lot. I think that's about it! In short, haha, bite me, I hereby make myself immune to prosecution by anything living, dead, or anything that was never alive in the first place (sorry rocks, maybe next time eh?). Oh, and the lyrics are "I Saved The World Today" by the Eurythmics, okay?<br>

>Author's note: I'm sick. My head is pulsing like it's gonna explode, I've just been grossed out by a bunch of 300 pound women in mini skirts, thongs, halter neck tops and the like on the Ricki Lake show, and I keep almost passing out. Argh! How annoying. Yesterday a teacher took me home since Dad was out somewhere because I must've looked absolutely shocking. Wow. And I got ordered to go to the sick bay twice in one morning. Hmph. Oh well, I guess I'm a bit too stubborn for my own good at times. Just as well I've got my friends to keep me in check, huh? Anywho, on with the story since my headache is beginning to hit full gear! Oh, and this is dedicated to Sonni, the fluffmeister; Jules, Ness, the perfectionist (Jacque Heads), Nat

Williams, Charmaine (her and I are going to the cricket at the Basin in March! Go Black Caps! Kick the egomaniac Australian team's arses!!! Oh, and who else thinks Daniel Vettori is pretty darn spunkerific?), everyone who's so kindly given me feedback, and everyone who I've forgotten. Oh, and this will probably contain bad wordies, and that ain't my fault. <br>

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>\*Monday finds you like a bomb<br>\*That's been left ticking there too long

>\*You're bleeding<br>\*Some days there's nothing left to learn

>\*From the point of no return<br>\*You're leaving

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

> <br>Senior Detective Constable Rachel Goldstein sighed heavily and stared at a passing boat. She was sitting on the Sydney Water Police Station's jetty. Her partner, Frank Holloway, would be sailing out of the Sydney Heads about now. The golden sunset was fading quickly, and Rachel felt totally lost. Frank had been one of the best mates she'd ever had, and now he'd left her. She slowly became aware that her bum was becoming numb, but she couldn't be bothered getting off the comfortable wooden railing. She just kept staring at the place she'd seen Frank's boat, the Footloose, disappear.

> <br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>Helen was getting ready to go when she suddenly noticed Rachel's dark figure against the golden sky. She too wasn't terribly pleased that Frank had gone, although it would mean that she could finally get someone in to repair the wall behind Frank's old desk, get rid of several years worth of dents made by things Rachel had thrown at Frank. She already missed the yelling matches they'd usually be having about now. She went upstairs to the D's office and dragged Rachel's purse and car keys off the desk, threw a fond gaze at Frank's ex-desk, then wandered back downstairs to lock up.

> <br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>Rachel jumped as she felt a hand land on her shoulder. She looked up in the dim light, her tear-streaked face glowing, to find Helen's tall figure looming protectively over her. "You okay?" Helen smiled sympathetically at her friend.

>"Eh? Oh, yeah, yeah, fine. You off home now?" Rachel asked fiercely wiping away the tear trails. <br>"Yeah. I locked up, and got your bag for you. Hope you don't mind." Helen held out Rachel's purse and keys and leaned against the rails.

>"Thanks..." The pair sat in silence for a while, just staring at the point in the harbour where Frank had been.<br>"It's gonna be different around here without him isn't it?" Helen asked half-heartedly.

>"Yeah..." Rachel agreed, brushing away a mosquito that was buzzing by her left ear.<br>"I'm going to miss him. But I won't miss the noise you two made." Helen grinned fondly.

>Rachel just smiled as the last of the sunset faded into a bright navy night. "Yeah. Who am I going to yell at now?" <br>

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>\*Hey hey I saved the world today<br>\*Everybody's happy now

>\*The bad thing's gone away<br>\*And everybody's happy now

>\*The good thing's come to stay<br>\*Please let it stay

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

> <br>Rachel unlocked the door to her townhouse and stepped in out of the damp night air. She flicked on a lamp, which illuminated the stairway, lifting the heavy blanket of shadow over it. She made her

way upstairs and wandered into the kitchen. She roughly pulled two bottles of beer and a bottle of wine out of the fridge, went out into the lounge, and flopped down on the sofa. Popping the cap she took a few large gulps of the beer, a futile effort to make her life seem more bearable. She soon realised hot streams of tears were flowing silently down her cheeks. She felt so alone. She stared at the photo of her and David on top of her small television. She smiled weakly as she made out his smiling face in the dark. He was the light that always guided her through the dark times. So why did she feel so alone? It was about midnight before she finally dragged her drunken being into bed. She couldn't be bothered changing, so she just lay in the dark in her black skirt suit until she drifted off into a peaceful, dreamless slumber.

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><br>\*There's a million mouths to feed

>\*And I've got everything I need<br>\*I'm breathing

>\*And there's a hurting thing inside<br>\*But I've got everything to hide

>\*I'm grieving<br>

>\*\*\*\*\*<br>

>Rachel wandered into work the next morning looking ten years older.

She had changed her suit, and combed her hair, but the deep dark circles under her eyes betrayed her lack of sleep. Helen looked up worriedly, but decided it would be best not to say anything. She watched Rachel sign in, then do her usual jog upstairs. If she hadn't known her for so long she wouldn't have known anything was wrong.

<br>Rachel walked through the door to the usually welcoming office to find Mick Reilly sitting at his desk. Frank wouldn't usually be there by then, so she clung on to the pathetic hope that it had all been a dream, Frank would waltz through the door as usual in fifteen minutes. But fifteen minutes passed, then twenty, then thirty, then an hour, and still she was left staring blankly at the desk every now and then when she looked up to ask Frank a question about the case she was working on. But he wasn't there, and she wasn't sure if he'd ever be back again.

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><br>\*Hey hey I saved the world today

>\*And everybody's happy now <br>\*The bad thing's gone away

>\*And everybody's happy now<br>\*The good thing's here to stay

>\*Please let it stay<br>

><br>\*Doo doo doo doo doo the good thing

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>Two months, three weeks, and two days later, Rachel was discussing a case with the replacement Detective, Jack Christey. She still missed Frank terribly, but she had resigned herself to the fact that after two months, three weeks, and two days (not that she was counting), he wasn't likely to waltz into the office, right on back into her life again. So she'd fully submersed herself into her work, leaving hardly any time to think about the past. It had worked well, and her life was finally beginning to go back to similar form to what it had been, only without Frank, and with Jack Christey.

> <br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>Helen was on the phone and scribbling down some notes on a pad of recycled paper when some tall, tanned bloke wandered in wearing a Hawaiian shirt, cargo shorts, and brown roman sandals. She gave him a glance, then hung up the phone to see who he was and what he wanted. "Yes?" Helen said in her usual way, wondering why he seemed familiar. She was sure she knew that after-shave and those cheeky eyes... "FRANK?" Helen practically jumped over the desk to embrace him.

>"Hey Helen! Ya shoulda seen the Sheilas over in Tahiti!" Frank kissed her on the forehead, returning the hug.<br>"Yeah?" Helen grinned.

>"Is Rach in?" Frank asked, waving to Tayler, Tommy, Gavin and Dave who were out the back.<br>"Yeah, she's upstairs with Jack." Helen seemed unsure.

>"Christey? He my replacement?" Frank asked, remembering the guy well.<br>"Yeah. Look, Frank..." Helen looked up at him pleadingly, "no trouble, please."

>"Nah, she'll be right Helen!" Frank patted her shoulder reassuringly and flew up the stairs to see his partner.<br>>\*\*\*\*\*<br>

>Rachel looked up to see a tall, tanned guy wander into the office. She could've sworn she knew him from somewhere. "Heya Goldie! How ya been?" Frank grinned ear to ear.<br>"Francis James Holloway?! You bastard!" Rachel yelled springing out from behind her desk to practically jump on him.

>"Yeah, nice to see ya too!" Frank chuckled, hugging her tightly.<br>"Took ya time!" Rachel's face lit up like it had before Frank left.

>"Jack, nice to see ya." Frank shook Jack's hand with one hand and held Rachel with the other.<br>"Likewise mate, likewise." Jack smiled weakly looking for an escape route.

>"You been looking after my partner Christey?" Frank let Rachel go but put an arm around her shoulder.<br>"Yeah mate, sure have. Didn't let her outa my sight." Jack chuckled, winking at Rachel.

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><br>"FRANK!!!" Rachel bellowed down the stairwell a few weeks later.

>"YEAH?" Frank yelled from the reception area.<br>"WHERE'D YOU PUT MY KEYS?" Rachel bellowed again.

>"I ATE THEM!" Frank grinned at Helen who was blocking her ears.<br>"WHAT? YOU'RE A JERK HOLLOWAY!" Rachel stomped back to the office and invaded his desk, finding her keys in the top drawer just as he waltzed back in with a coffee.

>"Hey!" Frank protested, annoyed his prank had backfired.<br>"I'm driving!" Rachel grinned as she took off with the keys and ran down through reception, Frank in hot pursuit.

>"Surprise, surprise." Helen remarked, grinning at Frank as he nodded in agreement before shooting out the door. Everything was back to normal: Frank and Rachel were at war again, the meal room was a mess again, and their mufti car was a total war zone again. "Yep," Helen looked at Tayler and stretched her legs out on the desk, "Everything is \*definitely\* back to normal."<br>>\*\*\*\*\*<br>

>\*Hey hey I saved the world today<br>\*Everybody's happy now<br>\*The bad thing's gone away<br>\*And everybody's happy now<br>\*The good thing's here to stay<br>\*Please let it stay

><br>\*Everybody's happy now<br>>\*\*\*\*\*<br>>\*\*\*\*\*<br>

>Well, fluff you wanted, fluff you got. A bit of comedy mixed in too. Now, I feel like total crap so I'm off to get some much-needed rest. So goodnight everybody, even though it's 4.40pm, I'll write another fic soonish. PLEASE give me feedback! You know the address, you can't fool me! Oh, you don't? Okay, here it is again then, sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com got it? Good.<br>

End  
file.